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LONDON.

ESTABLISHED 1820.

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# ROBIN HOOD:

An Opera, in Three Acts.

WRITTEN BY

JOHN OXENFORD.

COMPOSED BY

G. A. MACFARREN.

FIRST REPRESENTED AT

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE,

ON THE 11th OF OCTOBER, 1860.

Lessee . . . . Mr. E. T. SMITH.



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# LIST OF MUSIC

IN

## G. A. MACFARREN'S NEW OPERA, ROBIN HOOD,

As performed at Her Majesty's Theatre.

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*The following Pieces are published separately:*

### ACT I.

BALLAD—"The hunters wake with the early morn," s. d.

*Alice with Chorus* ... .. 2 0

DUET—"When lovers are parted,"

*Marian and Robin* (published in A flat and in F) ... each 2 6

SONG—"A dark and troublous time is this,"

*Sheriff* ... .. 2 6

BALLAD—"True love,"

*Marian* (in B flat or in G) ... .. 2 0

SONG—"The monk within his cell,"

*Sompnour* ... .. 3 0

SONG—"Englishmen by birth are free,"

*Locksley, with Chorus* (in G) ... .. 2 6

*Ditto* (without Chorus, in E flat) ... 2 0

ROUND—"May the saints protect and guide thee,"

*Alice, Allan, Sheriff, and Sompnour* ... .. 3 0

### ACT II.

FOUR-PART SONG—"The wood, the gay greenwood"

*Chorus of Men* (separate voice parts, 6d. each) ... 2 6

TRIO—"A good fat deer makes lusty cheer,"

*Robin, Much, and Little John* ... .. 2 6

SONG—"Confusion to the Norman,"

*Robin Hood with Chorus* (in E flat) ... .. 2 0

*Ditto* (without Chorus, in B flat) ... 2 0

SCENA—"Hail! happy morn," and "Power benign,"

*Marian* ... .. 4 0

AIR—"Power benign," (printed separately from the above,  
in F, and with a second stanza) ... 2 6

DUET—"To the Fair, to the Fair,"

*Marian and Alice* (in C or in B flat) ... 3 0

BALLAD—"From childhood's dawn,"

*Sheriff* (in A flat or in G) ... .. 2 0

BALLAD—"My own, my guiding star,"

*Robin* (in D flat, in B flat, or in G) ... 2 0

QUINTET—"My heart from its terror reposes,"

*Marian, Alice, Locksley, Allan, and Sheriff* ... 2 6

### ACT III.

DUET—"Greatest plague on earth is love,"	s. d.
<i>Alice and Allan</i> ... ..	3 0
SCENA— { "My child has fled," and } <i>Sheriff</i> ...	4 0
BALLAD—"She has left me to mourn," (printed separately from the above, in G, and with a second stanza)	2 0
DUET—"To King Richard at once you must go,"	
<i>Sheriff and Sompnour</i> ... ..	4 0
FOUR-PART SONG—"Now the sun has mounted high,"	
<i>Chorus of Men</i> (separate voice parts, 6d. each) ...	2 6
Ditto, arranged as a Trio for two Trebles and a Bass	2 6
SONG—"Sons of the Greenwood,"	
<i>Marian with Chorus</i> (in E, or without Chorus in D) ...	2 0
SCENA— { "Vain was the proud ambition," and } <i>Robin</i>	4 0
BALLAD—"Life to me is no longer dear," {	
TRIO—"By all the love that you have shown,"	
<i>Marian, Robin, and Sheriff</i> ... ..	3 0

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..... "Life to me is no longer dear,"	
and "Courage fires me" ... ..	4 0
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RIMBAULT (E. F.)—Six Favorite Airs, arranged (easy).—	
No. 1. "True love." 2. "My own, my guiding star."	
3. "From childhood's dawn." 4. "Life to me is no longer dear." 5. "Confusion to the Norman." 6.	
"Sons of the greenwood" ... .. each	1 0

OTHER ARRANGEMENTS IN PREPARATION.

CRAMER, BEALE, AND CHAPPELL,  
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# ARGUMENT.

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## ACT I.

THE scene is laid in the High-street of the city of Nottingham, where a number of armourers are actively engaged at their trade, while a party of women are occupied with the spinning-wheel, and a little harmless flirtation is carried on by *Allan* and *Alice*. The name of *Robin Hood* is soon mentioned with terror, and *Alice* records one of the recent exploits of the celebrated outlaw. Presently *Robin Hood* himself appears, under the assumed name of *Locksley*, and addresses *Marian*, the *Sheriff's* daughter, as an accepted lover. The greetings of the young pair are overheard by the *Sheriff*, who declares that he will gladly take *Locksley* as his son-in-law, if he will prove his skill in marksmanship at the fair, which is to be held on the following day. At the same time he issues a proclamation, offering a reward for *Robin Hood*, in the name of Prince John, little suspecting that the outlaw is the same person as the apparently wealthy yeoman, *Locksley*. The *Sompnour*, who has collected from the peasantry the dues of the neighbouring abbey, applies to the *Sheriff* for a guard to assist him through the forest. Accidentally perceiving *Allan*, who is in arrear with his dues, he demands immediate payment; and the poor fellow being unable to comply, is ordered to the stocks by the *Sheriff*, who invites the *Sompnour* to the castle. This proceeding is deemed so tyrannical by the multitude, that it almost occasions a tumult, when *Locksley*, coming forward, pays *Allan's* dues, and thus liberates him from the *Sheriff's* retainers. As the sun sets, the *Sompnour*, accompanied by the *Sheriff's* escort, commences his homeward journey, while *Marian* and *Locksley* take leave of each other, exchanging protestations of fidelity and



affection. Already has *Locksley*, to test the heart of *Marian*, asked her if she would still love him were he placed in the same situation as the proscribed *Robin Hood*, and has been told that her affections are beyond the reach of all worldly considerations.

## ACT II.

THIS act opens in the greenwood, near the trysting-tree, where the outlaws commonly hold their meetings. The "merry men" are reposing from their toils beneath the light of the moon, and anticipate, with much delight, a feast on the fat buck which some of them are roasting in the forest. *Robin Hood* making his appearance, informs *Little John* of the proposed journey of the *Sompnour* through the forest, and arranges a plan for entrapping him. The outlaws conceal themselves behind the brushwood, while *Robin Hood*, *Little John*, and *Much*, the miller's son, attire themselves as shepherds, and attend to the roasting of the deer. The *Sompnour* entering, orders the *Sheriff's* retainers to seize the three supposed shepherds, on the charge of stealing the king's venison. With affected humility they supplicate for mercy, and when this is sternly refused, *Robin Hood*, throwing off his disguise, sounds his bugle. The *Sheriff's* retainers fly in turn from the numerous archers who start from every nook of the forest, and capture the astonished *Sompnour*, whom *Much* proposes to hang on a tree, without further deliberation. *Robin Hood*, more merciful, invites the *Sompnour* to supper, at the same time making him pay largely for the repast, by dividing among the band the money contained in his sack, which is taken from his shoulder, and emptied into a huge cloak by *Little John*. *Much* reiterates his proposition for hanging the plundered man; but *Robin Hood* declares that all such cruelty shall be dispensed with, if the *Sompnour* will dance for the amusement of the band. With the dance, and the loud laugh of the outlaws, the scene closes.

The second scene represents *Marian's* bower. She watches the dawn of day, imploring Heaven for the success of her

lover at the approaching trial of skill. *Alice* entering, assists her in making preparations for the ensuing fair. The *Sheriff*, who expresses his sympathy with his daughter's wishes, receives an unexpected hint from *Much*, the miller's son, who states that *Robin Hood* will be at the Fair, and offers to betray him for the promised reward; but he is soon interrupted by the *Sompnour*, who recognizes him as the most sanguinary of the band, and he is at once taken to prison. Having heard that *Robin Hood* is to be at the fair, the *Sompnour* himself prepares to discover him, assuming for that purpose the disguise of a mendicant friar, and the *Sheriff* heartily approves the plan.

The fair, held outside the town, is represented in the third scene, with its various appurtenances of sport and pastime. The *Sompnour* vainly endeavours to discover *Robin Hood* among the assembled throng, but is soon perceived by the outlaw himself, who is present in his assumed character of *Locksley*, and persuades *Allan* to get the intruder out of the way. At *Allan's* suggestion the *Sompnour* is blindfolded and hustled off by a party of merry girls, who are amusing themselves with the game of "Hoodman Blind." When he is removed the archery match begins, and *Robin Hood*, who can now make his appearance with impunity, defeats all competitors. The prize is bestowed upon him by *Marian* herself, and the happiness of the lovers seems complete, when the *Sompnour*, suddenly returning, denounces the victor as the notorious *Robin Hood*. The *Sheriff* instantly commands the seizure of the outlaw, and the act closes amid general dismay.

### ACT III.

THE first scene represents the castle garden. *Allan* and *Alice* lament the fate of *Robin Hood*, who is to be executed on the morrow. The *Sheriff*, who requires from King Richard I. (newly returned from Palestine) a warrant for the death of the outlaw, is indignant at *Allan's* refusal to go for the document; but is taunted by *Alice*, who informs him that his daughter *Marian* has escaped from the apartment in which she has been confined.

The *Sompnour*, who comes to claim his reward for the apprehension of *Robin Hood*, and likewise a compensation for the loss of the abbey dues, is told that he must first procure the required warrant, a duty which he readily undertakes to fulfil.

The “merry men” are then shewn in the greenwood, wondering at the long absence of their chief. *Marian*, who enters the wood disguised in boy’s clothes, is at first attacked by the outlaws; but she soon reveals to them her real character, and exhorts them to follow her to the castle, in which he is confined, and to give him notice of their proximity by singing one of their most familiar airs.

In the third scene, which represents the dungeon, *Robin Hood* is seen awaiting his fate. At first his case appears desperate, but new hopes are kindled by the voices of *Marian* and the outlaws, which are heard from without.

The last scene is the place of execution. *Robin Hood*, brought from the castle, and exhorted to confess his sins, requests that his right hand may be set at liberty—a request which is no sooner granted, than he sounds his bugle, and summons his faithful followers, who, headed by *Marian*, release him from the custody of the *Sheriff*, to the joy of the surrounding multitude. The outlaws are in their turn overpowered by the force which accompanies the *Sompnour*, and *Robin Hood’s* case again seems hopeless. But the document brought by the *Sompnour* proves not to be a death-warrant, but a pardon to the outlaw and all his band, on condition that they enter the service of the king. The *Sheriff* now consents once more to the union of *Robin* and *Marian*, and the piece terminates amid general rejoicing.

# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.



Robin Hood, *under the assumed name of* Locksley } Mr. SIMS REEVES.

Sir Reginald de Bracy, *Sheriff of Nottingham* . . . } Mr. SANTLEY.

Hugo, *the Sompnour, or Collector of Abbey-dues* . } Mr. GEORGE HONEY.

Allan-a-Dale, *a young peasant* Mr. PARKINSON.

Little John, }  
Much, the Miller's } *Outlaws* { Mr. BARTLEMAN.  
Son . . . } Mr. PATEY.

Maid Marian, *daughter to the Sheriff* . . . . . } Mdme. LEMMENS SHERRINGTON.

Alice, *her attendant* . . . Mdme. LEMAIRE.

*Citizens, Peasants, Outlaws, Soldiers, &c.*

PERIOD.—Richard Cœur-de-Lion's return from Palestine.



# ACT I.

---

## SCENE I.

*The High Street of Nottingham, leading to the river, which is crossed by practicable bridge, which is ascended by slope, at R.H. A view of the country, with forest in the distance, seen across river. The front entrance L.H. is filled up with the practicable door of castle, between which and the water is the entrance to the park and garden. On R.H. a large smithy, with blazing forge, &c. In the centre the stocks. During the scene, the sun sets. Armourers at work. Women spinning.*

ALLAN-A-DALE and ALICE.

## INTRODUCTION.

- Men.* Clang ! it is a merry sound—  
Clang !—it wakes the echoes round.  
Brother, to't again—again ;  
Ours are blows that give no pain.
- Women.* Quick, the wheel is whirling round ;  
Here no idle hands are found :  
Broader grow the glossy skeins,  
While we sing in merry strains.
- ALLAN. Pretty Alice, deign to hear me.
- ALICE. No, indeed, I've heard enough.
- ALLAN. With a smile of kindness cheer me,  
For my heart is breaking—
- ALICE. Stuff !
- Women.* Oh, those men I can't endure ;  
Ever bold, intrusive, rude—
- Men.* Don't the maidens look demure,  
When they're longing to be woo'd !

ALICE. Though harsh are my words, full of love is my heart ;

The state of my feelings I dare not impart.

My father desires a rich suitor to see ;

But Allan, poor Allan, yes, Allan for me !

ALLAN (*apart*). Her face is too lovely, of stone is her heart.

Oh, Allan, dull Allan, a blockhead thou art ;

From these cruel fetters I would I were free ;

Oh, what will become of poor me !

Men. We with blows the helmet make,  
Other blows our work will break,  
'Mid the clatter, crash and rattle,  
Of the tourney and the battle.

Full } Men. Clang ! it is, &c.

Chorus. } Women. Quick, the wheel, &c.

Men. Perchance these arms will frighten Robin Hood,  
And make him keep within his own greenwood.

Robin Hood—Robin Hood !

'Tis a name that bodes no good.

Women. These are men !—for shame, for shame,  
Quaking at an idle name !

Men. The stoutest knight before him quails ;

Women. Perchance he'd feel a woman's nails.

ALICE. You speak of Robin Hood—'tis well ;  
His last exploit I'll tell.

Chorus. Come and hear, gather near ;  
Robin's last exploit she'll tell.

*Song—ALICE.*

The hunters wake with the early morn,

The prey they seek is Robin himself ;

Their feet are weary, their patience is worn,

Better chase wizard, or goblin, or elf :

At last a ragged churl they see.

“ A welcome to you all,” quoth he ;

“ Come, follow my steps through the good green-  
wood ;

I'll bring you straight to Robin Hood.”

*Chor.* Robin Hood is hard to catch—  
Robin Hood a prey can snatch—  
Robin Hood the fiend can match—  
Oh, well-a-day !

ALICE. They follow the churl through the forest deep,  
His tatter'd garb he flings on the green,  
And faces strange through the foliage peep ;  
Archers by dozens those branches screen.

“ The prey you came to seek, you find ;  
Your arms and purses leave behind,  
Then make your way back through the good  
greenwood,  
And say you've met with Robin Hood.”

*Enter LOCKSLEY.*

LOCKSLEY. Good morning, masters. Have you seen the noble sheriff ?

ALICE. The sheriff himself, or pretty Mistress Marian ?

LOCKSLEY. Perhaps——

ALICE. Good ; she comes this way.

*Enter MARIAN, from park.*

LOCKSLEY. Marian !

MARIAN. My love ! This meeting well repays the fears of many an anxious hour.

*Duet—LOCKSLEY and MARIAN.*

When lovers are parted,  
How deep is their pain !  
They think, heavy-hearted,  
They'll ne'er meet again.  
Sad and slow,  
In ceaseless flow,  
Wearily the moments go.

A bright sunny morrow  
 Succeeds the sad day;  
 All doubt and all sorrow  
 Pass dream-like away.  
 Lovers met,  
 Their fears forget;  
 Life has happy moments yet.  
*[Enter Sheriff, between them, from centre.]*

*Sheriff.* What, wooing, Master Locksley?

MARIAN. My father!

LOCKSLEY. Sir Reginald?

*Sheriff.* 'Tis he! but start not thus, I am not anger'd  
 —I've seen this young affection grow, and have not  
 check'd it.

LOCKSLEY. Oh, happiness!—my life I'd give—

*Sheriff.* No need of that—but prove thy valour in  
 defence of our offended laws. Bold Robin Hood is active  
 still.

LOCKSLEY. If I become thy son-in-law, be sure thou  
 wilt be secure from him.

*Sheriff.* Well said!—I doubt not thy good will—thy  
 power I shall best prove at to-morrow's fair—be there  
 with bow and arrow. He wins my daughter who proves  
 the best marksman.

*Song—Sheriff.*

*Sher.* A dark and troublous time is this,  
 'Mid strife and broil we dwell;  
 And he deserves not woman's kiss,  
 Who cannot guard her well.  
 Sweep, minstrel, sweep  
 Thy hand o'er trembling strings;  
 But from the sheath thy sword must leap,  
 Whene'er the clarion rings.

*Sheriff.* Mark all! (*to Chorus*) to-morrow I proclaim,  
 in the name of good Prince John, five hundred marks  
 for the head of Robin Hood.



MARIAN. Unhappy man!

*Sheriff.* Why should'st thou sigh for one who defies our laws? Curses light on him!

*[exit Sheriff into castle.]*

LOCKSLEY. Marian, dear, thou lov'st me now, while fortune smiles upon me. But were I in poverty—say—in that wretched outlaw's place, thou would'st forget thy vow.

MARIAN. Forget my love for thee! So little dost thou know thy Marian's heart.

*Song—*MARIAN.

True love, true love in my heart  
 Treasur'd deep for thee I cherish,  
 And from me it shall not part,  
 Though the world itself should perish.  
 Fate may bid me smile or weep,  
 Ruthless storms may o'er me sweep,  
 Still my heart this gem shall keep.  
 True love—true love  
 Hath a pow'r all else above.  
 Art thou wealthy—art thou poor;  
 Frowns the world, or is it smiling;  
 Meet'st thou at the great man's door,  
 Hearty welcome, base reviling,  
 Thou to me art still the same,  
 Noble past the reach of shame;  
 Love with me is not a name.  
 True love—true love  
 Hath a pow'r all else above.

*[exit MARIAN into park.]*

ALLAN. There's truth—there's love—there's constancy! When will you show a heart like that?

ALICE. When I've a lover with Locksley can compare.

ALLAN. She always has the best of it! But see—here comes the Sompnour, looking cheerful.

ALICE. That's a bad sign—

ALLAN. Betok'ning something horrible.

*Enter Sompnour.*

*Sompnour's Song.*

The monk within his cell  
Lives merrily, but not so well  
As the Sompnour, who at large can roam,  
And always makes himself at home ;  
For where's the churl who dares refuse  
To give his best  
To the awful guest,  
Who comes to claim the abbey dues ?

“ Oh, gentle Sompnour, pray be kind :  
We're in arrear ;  
We own it—do not be severe.  
A little respite pray afford,  
And then we shall not fail.  
Just taste this capon smoking on the board,  
And quaff this cup of foaming ale.”

“ Good Master Sompnour, do not frown,”  
Says some fair damsel, looking down ;  
And then she wears a winning smile,  
The heart of iron to beguile.  
Then where's the churl, &c.

The Sompnour has a liqu'rish taste,  
The Sompnour doats on boil'd and roast ;  
He loves strong ale with a swimming toast ;  
He joys to clasp a slender waist.  
Search all the world, and find a man  
To match the Sompnour, if you can.

*Somp.* I would speak with the worshipful sheriff.

*Enter Sheriff.*

*Sheriff.* Who asks for me ?

*Somp.* Sir, would you be so good—I'm going through the forest ; and, if a guard you would allow, for I hold in charge a large treasure, and I fear I may meet Robin Hood.

LOCKSLEY. (*aside*) A treasure through the forest!  
Thanks, worthy friend—the fact's worth knowing.

[*retires.*]

*Sheriff.* Thy wish is granted.

*Somp.* Eh, what's this? Well met. I trust thou'lt not refuse to pay in full the money due to the abbey?

ALLAN. Good sir, I greatly fear the times are very bad.

*Somp.* That will not do.

ALLAN. My poverty——

*Somp.* Rather say, extravagance and knavery. Pay!

ALLAN. I can't.

*Somp.* He means he won't.

*Sheriff.* Guards, confine him in the stocks at once.  
As for you (*to Sompnour*) come in to supper.

*Somp.* This is the very prince of Sheriffs.

[*exit into castle.*]

[ALLAN is dragged towards stocks by sheriff's retainers. The people are indignant.]

*Scena*—ALLAN, with Chorus.

ALLAN. Be not severe—be not severe, I pray;  
Grant but a little time, the whole I'll pay.  
No rebel you behold in me;  
My only crime is poverty.

*Mob.* These Norman hearts are hard as rocks.  
What, punish freemen with the stocks!

ALLAN. A little respite I but claim,

*Mob.* Shame! shame! shame!

*Enter* LOCKSLEY.

LOCKS. Why, what's all this? Good Allan in the stocks!

*Mob.* These Norman hearts are hard as rocks.

LOCKS. What could the harmless creature do?

*Mob.* His tithes are in arrear,  
So bad has been the year.

LOCKS. The crime is old—the punishment is new.  
Mark the blood mantling in each honest face,  
At sight of such disgrace.

*Mob.* Shame! shame! shame!

Locks. Take this, ye minions ! (*gives a purse.*) Set your  
captive free. [*ALLAN is released.*]

Your masters tell from me,  
The English spirit brooks not infamy ;  
And, though a true-born Saxon may be poor,  
His glowing heart will burst ere he will shame  
endure.

*Song*—LOCKSLEY.

Englishmen by birth are free ;  
Though their limbs you chain,  
Glowing thoughts of liberty  
In their hearts remain.  
Normans, do whate'er you can,  
Ne'er you'll crush the Englishman !

*Mob.* Normans, &c.

Locks. Our fathers were of Saxon race,  
With Hengist here they came ;  
And when they found this resting-place,  
They lit a sacred flame.  
It did not blaze from altar or from pyre ;  
But burning in the English heart is still that  
deathless fire !

Englishmen by birth, &c.

That deathless flame of liberty  
We prize, a treasure dear ;  
Though hidden for a while it be,  
At length 'twill re-appear.  
In vain our proud oppressors seek  
The Saxon race to quell ;  
Their bonds of iron are but weak,  
While freedom in the soul can dwell.  
Englishmen by birth, &c.

[*exit into park.*]



*Enter Sheriff, Sompnour, and Soldiers.*

{ *Sher.* Obey my orders. This good man attend,  
E'en to the convent door. The saints your  
cause befriend !

## FINALE.

*Round—Sheriff, Sompnour, ALLAN and ALICE.*

*Sher.* May the saints protect and guide thee,  
On thy long and dreary road ;  
Guardian angels watch beside thee,  
Till thou reachest thine abode.  
May the reckless Robin Hood,  
Terror of the lonely wood,  
Once forego his greed for prey,  
Nor molest thee on thy way.

*Somp.* Fortune's hand will surely guide me ;  
Gaily I pursue my road,  
With this sturdy band beside me,  
Guarding well my precious load.  
They can make e'en Robin Hood  
Quake within the darkest wood ;  
In the thicket he will stay,  
Glad to let me go my way.

ALLAN	{	Widows' sighs will float beside thee,
ALICE.		On thy long and dreary road ;
and	{	Mocking fiends will sure deride thee,
Chor.		As thou bear'st thy pilfer'd load.
		May the band of Robin Hood,
		Terror of the lonely wood,
		Not forego a chance of prey,
		Mays't thou meet him on thy way.

*[exeunt omnes over the bridge.]*

*[As music dies away, enter LOCKSLEY and  
MARIAN from park.]*

LOCKS. } Good night, good night, the sun has set,  
and } Though half-inclin'd to linger yet ;  
MAR. } Good night, love; be thy sleep from threat'ning  
visions free,  
And, if thou dreamest, dream of me.  
[*exit LOCKSLEY, kissing his hand to her, as  
he crosses the bridge.*]  
MAR. True love, true love, &c.

*Curtain slowly descends.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

## ACT II.

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### SCENE I.

*The trysting-tree in the greenwood. Bright moonlight. Bushes about the stage. On the R.H. a large fire is kindled, over which a buck, suspended on three poles, is roasting. LITTLE JOHN, MUCH the miller's son, and other Outlaws, dispersed about.*

#### *Four-part Song.*

The wood, the wood, the gay greenwood  
Is just the home to suit my mood ;  
Beneath its living trellis-work,  
I loll more proud than king or Turk ;  
Full well I know the spacious hall,  
For these free limbs, would be too small—  
Unfetter'd I would rest or rove,  
The turf beneath, the sky above.

The cares that o'er the palace brood,  
Will ne'er invade our own greenwood,  
The wood, the wood, the gay greenwood.

Beyond the wood I nought desire,  
It gives me all that I require :  
My food is of the forest-deer ;  
The forest birds my spirits cheer ;  
The forest carpet makes my bed ;  
The forest branches shade my head.

When wealthy trav'lers hap to stray,  
They in the forest lose their way.  
A bounteous nurse, and mother good,  
To all her sons, is the gay greenwood.

*Enter LOCKSLEY, in forest dress.*

*Outlaws.* Welcome, brave Robin!

[*MUCH sulky and silent.*

LOCKSLEY. Thanks, my boys.

MUCH. I'm glad to see thee, though I make no noise about it.

LOCKSLEY. Surly as ever!

LITTLE JOHN. Yes; still the same.

LOCKSLEY. Sulky in presence of a buck like that! However, you shan't spoil my appetite. I would sup early, for, to-morrow morning, I am going to Nottingham.

MUCH. He wants to see the fair.

LITTLE JOHN. Shall we attend thee?

LOCKSLEY. No; I shall go alone.

MUCH. Some private matter. My skill in archery I thought to show—but, never mind; our chief must have his way.

LITTLE JOHN. Silence, churl!

LOCKSLEY. Oh, leave him alone, and listen to my news. The Sompnour will shortly be in the wood, laden with spoils.

LITTLE JOHN. Of which we'll ease him.

MUCH. Comes the knave alone?

LOCKSLEY. No; he's attended by the sheriff's men. Hark! hark! he comes. Much, John, disguise yourselves. Let all the rest hide among the bushes.

[*They do so.* LOCKS. MUCH, and LITTLE J.  
*put on smock-frocks.*

LOCKSLEY. Hush, for your lives; while, like three careless swains, we sing, and wait to see what luck will bring us.



*Trio*—ROBIN, LITTLE JOHN, *and* MUCH.

A good fat deer,  
 Makes lusty cheer,  
     To grace the shepherd's holiday.  
 Perchance we soon shall fast;  
 This feast may be our last,  
     So let's be merry while we may.

Here's a neck, and here's a haunch,  
 Worthy of a friar's paunch;  
 Neatly turn him, featly baste him—  
 Happy are the lips that taste him!

Alive, he roamed, the forest's pride;  
 To feast brave lads he nobly died;  
 Then here's a cheer, a lusty cheer,  
 To the memory of the good fat deer.

*Enter Sompnour with Soldiers.*

*Somp.* Heyday! what's all this noise about?  
 You're surely drunk, you rabble rout!  
 And ven'son, too, I do declare—  
 The scoundrels live on dainty fare.  
 'Tis stolen——

*All 3.* Nay, great sir, 'tis not.

*Somp.* The dainty knaves, their crime is clear—  
 'Tis treason—'tis treason, to steal the king's deer.

*All 3.* Humbly kneeling thus before thee,  
 For thy pity we implore thee;  
 Lowly men you'll not molest,  
 Met to hold their simple feast.

*Somp.* Vainly do you kneel before me,  
 Vainly do you thus implore me;  
 Eating, drinking, of the best—  
 This you call a simple feast!

The villains seize—their crime is clear—

'Tis treason—'tis treason, to steal the king's deer.

[*Soldiers seize.*

ROB. Rise, comrades, rise; we'll try another course;  
When prayers avail not, nought is left but force.

[*sounds horn. Archers rise from the bushes,  
with their bows and arrows.*]

Chor. Robin; brave Robin, thy signal we know;  
Assistance we bring thee, and death to thy foe!  
[*Soldiers fly; archers stop Sompnour.*]

ROB. Yes, hold him fast; I'm sov'reign here;  
The traitor insults me—his treason is clear.  
What shall be done with him?

MUCH. The shortest plan,  
Methinks, will be to hang the man.

{ Chor. (*without R. & S.*) Yes, hung upon the highest tree,  
To Robin's foes a warning let him be!

{ R. & S. { 'Then } a pretty figure { he will } be.  
{ Oh, dear } { I shall }

{ Somp. Humbly kneeling down before thee,  
Potent monarch, I implore thee;  
Noble thief—nay, mighty king—  
Let me not ignobly swing.

{ All *bui* How the rascal kneels before thee!  
R. How his trembling lips implore thee!  
Stop him with a hempen string;  
In the forest let him swing.

ROB. No need is there for haste;  
Our ven'son he shall taste.

Somp. What need is there for haste?  
Your ven'son let me taste.

ROB. To hang a fasting man is cruelty.

Somp. To hang a fasting man is cruelty.

MUCH. Good meat is thrown away on such as he.

ROB. Do you agree?

LIT. J. & Chor. Yes, yes, we all agree.

Somp. And this arrangement perfectly suits me.

LIT. J. Come, sit down here;

[*They sit down, the venison is served.*]

A good fat deer makes lusty cheer.

Chor. A good fat deer makes lusty cheer,  
To grace a traitor's hanging-day.

Make much of your repast ;  
 This feast will be your last,  
     So pray be merry while you may.  
 Here's a neck, and here's a haunch,  
 Worthy of the Sompnour's paunch.

*Somp.* I am not in a hungry mood ;  
     An ugly halter in one's sight,  
     Don't improve the appetite ;  
 But still I own the ven'son's good.

*LIT. J.* A song will help to keep our spirits up ;  
 A feast without a song is scarcely worth a groat.

*Chor.* A song ! a song !

*ROB.* Well, pledge me, then, my merry men ;  
 A cheerful cup  
 Makes music lightly float.

*Song*—ROBIN.

The grasping, rasping Norman race,  
     I never could abide ;  
 I would my staff could leave a trace  
     On ev'ry Norman hide.  
 But there are sundry moments, when  
     To love them I incline ;  
 We cannot always hate the men  
     Who brought us sparkling wine.

*Chor.* Confusion to the Norman ! Come, pledge me,  
     brother mine ;  
 Confusion to the Norman ! we'll drink it in  
     his wine !

*ROB.* To reconcile my love and hate,  
     I've found an easy way ;  
 Whenever wine's bestowed by fate,  
     I drink, but never pay.  
 I drink, and feel my courage glow,  
     As with a fire divine,  
 We're readier still to thrash the foe,  
     When we have quaff'd his wine.

*Chor.* Confusion to the Norman! Come, pledge me,  
                   brother mine;  
 Confusion to the Norman! we'll drink it in  
                   his wine!

*MUCH.* Brave Robin, I suggest  
           'Tis time to hang our guest.

*ROBIN.* Nay, stop a moment—let him say  
           What for the feast he is inclin'd to pay.

*Chor.* Come, say, what will you pay?  
           Come, say, what will you pay?

*Somp.* My thanks. I can afford no more,  
           For I am very poor.

*MUCH.* At once, it will be best  
           To hang this scurvy guest.

*ROB.* Pray, Little John, that bag explore.

*Somp.* Nay, nay, 'tis empty; nought you'll find—

*LIT. J.* Most gentle sir, you'll be so kind—  
           You'll let me take it—yes, of course;  
           You would not drive me, sir, to force.  
           Your cloak, too, pray—ay, that is right.  
                                   [empties contents of a sack in cloak.  
           Oh, what a glorious sight!

*Chor.* Oh, what a glorious sight!

*LIT. J.* Of gold and silver here is ample store.

*Somp.* I might as well have given it before.

*ROBIN.* A noble booty, I declare.  
           (*to S.*) How could you make,  
           This sad mistake?

*Somp.* Oh! how I shake.

*ROBIN.* My merry men, take each a share.

*MUCH.* This dawdling I detest.  
           When *shall* we hang our guest?

*ROBIN.* Why, not at all, if he'll consent  
           To cheer us with a dance.  
           Come, bully, here's a chance  
           To save your life, and show us your agility.

*Somp.* Believe me, my ability——

*ROBIN.* May save your neck, at least.

*Somp.* Well, mighty ehief, I'll do my best.

*MUCH.* A tender conscience has our captain found.



ROBIN. Wretch ! let me hear one murm'ring sound,  
 At once I'll smite thee to the ground.  
 It never shall be said that Robin Hood  
 Sullied his name with needless blood.

MUCH. Bold Robin, you are over nice ;  
 You'll wish too late you'd follow'd my advice.

[*exit.*]

ROBIN & *Chor.* Foot it merrily—caper cheerily—dance  
 like an elf on fairy ground ;  
 Skip as high as the lark can fly,  
 And we'll applaud each graceful bound. Ha ! ha !

*Somp.* Jumping wearily—sighing drearily—how I per-  
 spire at every bound ;  
 Would that I were in yonder sky,  
 Or safe five fathoms under ground. Oh ! oh ! oh !

## SCENE II.

*Marian's Bower.*

*Enter MARIAN.*

*Scena—MARIAN.*

Hail, happy morn ! thy cloudless sky,  
 That blushes in the new-born light,  
 Spreads like a scroll before mine eye,  
 Gleaming with a promise bright.

[*opens window, showing sunrise.*]

How pure is yon expanse of blue ;  
 No coming tempest is in view.  
 Oh, happy morning ! may my future be  
 Bright and cloudless, like to thee.

Pow'r benign, the wish fulfil  
 Of an anxious, faithful heart :  
 Not upon my lover's skill—  
 Not upon his eagle eye,  
 Do I rely ;  
 But on Thine aid, all bounteous as thou art.

Alas ! uneasy doubts my soul invade.  
 The powers above  
 Perchance refuse their sanction to our love.  
 Should Locksley fail !—my heart is sore afraid—  
 No, no—my pray'rs will certainly prevail ;  
 He will not—cannot fail.

But, should he lose his wonted skill,  
 Through good and evil I will love him still.  
 But, no, my pray'rs will certainly prevail ;  
 He will not—cannot fail.

Oh, joy ! methinks I see him now,  
 With triumph written on his brow—  
 With eager step and flashing eyes,  
 He comes to grasp the welcome prize ;  
 And, while the guerdon I bestow,  
 My cheeks with pride and pleasure glow ;  
 Applauding voices rend the air,  
 And all my happiness declare.

*Enter ALICE.*

MARIAN. Alice !

ALICE. I would assist you to dress for the fair. All  
 vow that Locksley will succeed.

MARIAN. Girl, you say this to please me.

ALICE. No, I speak the truth ; although I own I long  
 for his success almost as much as you.

*Duet—MARIAN and ALICE.*

*Both.* To the fair ! to the fair !  
 What mirth will be there !  
     The rich and the poor,  
     The high and the low,  
     The humble and proud,  
 Will thither repair ;  
     The lord and the boor,  
     The friend and the foe,  
 Will mingle in merriment hearty and loud  
     At the fair ! at the fair !

ALICE. This rose, methinks, will suit you well.

MAR. A thousand thanks !

ALICE. Ay, I can tell  
Whose face will far outshine the rest.

MAR. Your own, no doubt.

ALICE. Nay, there you're out.  
I know whose eye will be the brightest ;  
I know whose step will be the lightest.

MAR. Your own, no doubt.

ALICE. Again you're out ;  
Why, twice you've wrongly guess'd.  
The fairest, lightest, brightest, best,  
Will certainly be—you !

MAR. You flatter me. Oh, fie !—oh, fie !

ALICE. No ; what I say is true,  
And none will dare the truth deny.

[*exit* ALICE.]

*Enter Sheriff.*

*Sheriff.* Marian, my child, thou shalt seem the flower  
of all who gather here. May thy best hopes be crown'd  
to-day !

*Song—Sheriff.*

From childhood's dawn thou hast been  
My constant care ;  
And my love bids me think I have never seen,  
But once, a maid so fair.  
In thy blooming face  
I delight to trace  
The radiance of beauty thy mother wore.  
In the noon of youth she sank to sleep,  
And left me alone to weep ;  
But I dream that in thee she is living once more.

My locks are scanty and white,  
My arm is weak ;  
In a heart that exults with its youthful might,  
Protection thou must seek.

Thou wilt ne'er forget—  
Thou'lt perchance regret—  
The home where thy childhood's years were past ;  
But a loving thought thou'lt oft bestow,  
On days that fled long, long ago.  
Oh, ruthless is Time ! that travels so fast.

[*exit* MARIAN.]

*Enter* MUCH, *preceded by retainers.*

MUCH. Bold Robin Hood will be at the fair. Seize him, and give me the reward you promise.

*Sheriff.* No ; it is not earn'd yet. I do not know the man—you must point him out.

MUCH. (*aside*) What ! meet my chieftain face to face ?

*Enter Sompnour.*

*Somp.* Rebellion ! treason ! They eat fat venison—they beat your soldiers, and they make *me* dance.

*Sheriff.* Take breath. Speak plainly—who ?

*Somp.* Robin Hood and his gang.

*Sheriff.* Another outrage ! well, 'twill be his last ; I mean to seize him at the fair to-day. Yon fellow says he will be there.

*Somp.* Whom do I see ? This villain is the worst of the lot !—'t was he who most desired to hang me.

*Sheriff.* I need his aid to recognise his chieftain, Robin Hood.

*Somp.* No ; trust to me. By the light of the moon, last night, I saw the bold outlaw with my own eyes. When he's at the fair, I will be there too. In the disguise of a friar, while begging for alms, I'll examine each face, and I'll certainly clap my paw upon him !

*Sheriff.* Most excellent ! (*to attendants.*) Bear yon man to prison.

MUCH. Oh, gallant Robin ! I'm rightly served.

*Somp.* Who'll be hang'd first ? My worthy friend, good-bye !

[*exeunt different ways.*]



## SCENE III.

*The Fair outside Nottingham. Crowds of peasants, etc..*

*Finale.*

*Chor.* How bright is the day, and how gay is the throng;  
The holiday welcome with dance and with song.  
We'll forget all the toils of the year;  
No sorrowful face must be here.  
Here are trinkets to buy, here is liquor to quaff,  
Here are heads to be broke with the stout  
quarter-staff;  
Here are trials of strength, where a fall you may  
catch,  
And, best of all, there's the archery-match.

*Enter ALICE.*

*ALICE.* No, his face I cannot see.  
Stop! Oh, yes; 't is he—'t is he.  
Welcome, Allan.

*Enter ALLAN.*

*ALLAN.* Welcome, dear;  
A tedious while I've sought thee here.

*Enter LOCKSLEY, meeting MARIAN.*

*LOCKS.* Again, again I meet thee;  
Again with rapture greet thee.  
*MAR.* Ah! fear with pleasure blends,  
When I think how much depends  
On the chances of this day.  
*LOCKS.* Talk not of chance—my eye is sure—  
My hand is firm—of vict'ry I'm secure.  
*MAR.* How fervently for thy success I pray!  
*Chor.* Merry laughter, heavy thwacks,  
Grins through collars, leaps in sacks;  
Slippery poles,  
Flowing bowls,

Lightsome capers, dainties rare;  
 Doleful ballad, saucy catch;  
 Nought is wanting to the fair,  
 And best of all there's the archery match.

[*A round dance by the peasants. Tilting at the quintain. "Hoodman Blind."*]

*Chor.* Who's for a game of "Hoodman Blind?"  
 Let him come here, and his eyes we'll bind.  
 Now, catch whom you can, Sir Hoodman Blind.  
     Turn round three times—  
     Don't be afraid,  
     Some pretty maid  
 Will gladly be caught, if catch her you can.

[*The Sompnour, entering disguised as a mendicant friar, is caught by the blinded peasant-girl.*]

*Chor.* You're caught! you're caught!

*Somp.* Rude hussies, for shame!  
 Behave as you ought.

*Chor.* 'Tis the rule of the game.

*Enter Sheriff.*

*Sher.* Why, what's all this?

*Girls.* Pardon, my lord, if we have done amiss.

[*they run away.*]

*Sher. (to Somp.)* Now, from those saucy peasants you  
     are free

Look round—the outlaw do you see?

*Somp.* Not yet, not yet; but caught he soon shall be.  
 My alms while I collect—the knave I shall  
     detect.

*Sher.* Mind, all depends on you, be circumspect;  
 The law, by you, her victim seeks—  
 The law, through you, her vengeance wreaks.

*Somp. (going through crowd)* *Pax vobiscum*, I implore,  
*Date nobis* from your store.

*Locks. (aside)* By all that's unlucky, the nimble-toed  
     guest

Who cheer'd, with his capers, our ven'son feast.

If he should perceive me, my hopes will be  
cross'd;

If he should betray me, my fortune is lost.

*Somp.* Please to show your *caritatem*,

*Et monstrate pietatem*,

For our convent's sadly poor.

(*to Sh.*) That's not the man—nor this—nor this.

*Sher.* Be wary, or your prize you'll miss.

*Somp.* *Pax vobiscum*—surely that—

No; perhaps, yon slouching hat—

*Date nobis*—wrong again.

*LOCKS.* In vain, I fear, will be my dodging;

The castle will afford me lodging.

*Somp.* I'll find him, if till midnight I remain;

I have him now—confusion!

*Sher.* Dotard! I half suspect some vile collusion.

*Somp.* That's he—that's he, I'll swear!

*Pax vobiscum*, I implore,

*Date nobis*, from your store.

Baffled again! I'm certain he was there.

*Sher.* I'm weary of this fooling; therefore, mind,

If thou the villain dost not find,

Vengeance may fall on thy devoted head! [*exit.*]

*Somp.* Oh, dear! oh, dear! I quake with dread;

The law is fond of hanging—so I see,

For want of some one better, they'll hang me.

*LOCKS.* Good Allan, you may do me a favour, if you will.

*ALLAN.* Should I lay down my life, I should be your  
debtor still.

*LOCKS.* There's nought to risk, there's nought to pay,

Yon canting beggar get out of the way.

*ALLAN.* It shall be done without delay.

*ALICE.* So, Master Allan, can it be

That you have secrets e'en from me?

*MAR.* Why are they whisp'ring thus apart?

A strange uneasiness pervades my heart.

*Somp.* *Pax vobiscum.*

*ALLAN.*

So at last,

We've found you; lasses, hold him fast.

[*girls seize Sompnour.*]

*Somp.* What means this folly?—let me go.

*ALLAN.* 'Tis your turn to be blind, you know,  
For you were caught—you know it well—  
By Sue, or Kate, or Nance, or Nell.

*Women.* 'Tis true—'tis true;  
'Twas Nell, or Nance, or Kate, or Sue.  
We will not let him go.

*Somp.* No, no, you're all mistaken;  
To pieces I shall sure be shaken.

*ALLAN.* This handkerchief about your eyes we bind;  
Now, catch whom catch you can, Sir Hoodman  
Blind.

*Girls.* Catch whom you can,  
Darling old man;  
Don't be afraid,  
Some pretty maid  
Will gladly be caught by the darling old man.  
[*Somp. runs off, followed by girls and ALLAN.*]

*ALICE.* Why, what can Allan be about,  
Neglecting me, to head this rabble rout?  
[*follows them.*]

*MAR.* This laughter loud,  
This thoughtless crowd,  
Fill my mind with strange distress.  
Oh, when will anxious fear give place to hap-  
piness?

*LOCKS.* Maiden dear, do not fear;  
If I could ever fail,  
'Twould not be now,  
When the prize and the witness both art thou.

*Ballad—LOCKSLEY.*

Thy gentle voice would lead me on,  
My own, my guiding-star,  
Till every sense of life were gone,  
E'en wert thou plac'd afar;  
And now thou deign'st so near to shine,  
With rays that warm and cheer,  
The firmest, surest hopes are mine;  
My soul is strange to fear.



Thou need'st not doubt, thou need'st not grieve,  
 I bear a potent spell;  
 Be certain Love will ne'er deceive,  
 The heart that serves him well.  
 I know my path will lead me right,  
 With such a prize in view;  
 And happy omens bless my sight,  
 That must—that shall be true.

*Re-enter Peasants.*

*Chorus resumed*—Merry laughter, heavy thwacks, &c.

*Enter Sheriff.*

*Sher.* Stand all aside—the trial now begins;  
 And great is the reward of him who wins.

*MAR.* Be still, my heart, the trial now begins:  
 What will befall me if another wins?

*Chor.* Watch all—hurrah for the archery-match!  
*[an archer advances.*  
 On your arrow, friend, good luck;  
 But take care,  
 Yes, beware. *[he shoots.*

Ha! ha! the outward ring he struck.  
 But bear your mishap—there's no wisdom in  
 sorrow;

The ills of to-day will be nothing to-morrow.  
*[another archer advances.*

But look, a lucky face is this;  
 We may be sure he will not miss. *[he shoots.*  
 Heyday! his skill is wondrous small;  
 The target is not touch'd at all.  
 But bear your, &c.

*[LOCKSLEY advances.*

A gallant form approaches near,  
 His face betrays no fear,  
 He seems as though he knew  
 His arrow would be true. *[he shoots.*  
 It speeds—hurrah! the prize is won;  
 With the skill of a true English marksman  
 'twas done.

[*MARIAN descends from throne, and presents a silver arrow to LOCKSLEY, who kneels to receive it.*

MAR. Victor, take the guerdon you have earn'd so well;  
Of your skill 'twill always tell.  
Let a faithful heart command,  
That sure eye and steady hand.  
Ever succour the distress'd,  
Ever side with the oppress'd,  
And to love and friendship too,  
Be, as thine own arrow, true.

*Chor.* Hail to the marksman's craft;  
Hail to the English bow;  
Merrily speed the clothyard shaft—  
The terror of England's foe.

*Quintet.*—*MARIAN, ALICE, ALLAN, LOCKSLEY and Sheriff.*

MAR. My heart from its terror reposes at last;  
The dangers that threaten'd, like shadows are  
past.  
Oh, moment of happiness, free from alloy,  
Oh, rapture that nought upon earth can destroy.

*ALICE and ALLAN.* Her care's at an end, she's happy  
at last, &c.

*LOCKS.* The prize I have won; thou art mine, love, at  
last:  
Thy needless forebodings and sorrows are past.  
Oh, moment, &c.

*Sher.* The prize thou hast won; thou may'st claim  
her at last:  
Oh, ne'er may her gladness with cares be o'er-  
cast.  
The storm of misfortune would surely destroy  
The flow'r that now basks in the sunshine of joy.

*Sher* My children, thus your love I bless;  
May you live long in happiness.

*Enter Sompnour.*

- Somp.* My lord, they treat me badly ;  
 My lord, they use me sadly.  
 Heyday ! what's this ? (*seeing LOCKSLEY*)  
 Found—found at last.  
 Quick, seize him, bind him—hold him fast.
- Sher.* What mean you ?
- Somp.* This :—the terror of the wood  
 Stands there—the famous Robin Hood !  
 The knave who fobb'd me, the thief who robb'd  
 me ;  
 The terrible, horrible, vile Robin Hood.
- Chor.* Why that's the best archer, the pride of the day.
- Sher.* 'Tis Locksley !
- MAR.* My husband !
- Somp.* I mean what I say ;  
 Whether Locksley or no, 'tis the fam'd Robin  
 Hood !  
 The terrible, horrible, vile Robin Hood.
- LOCKS.* Yes ; I am he who, in Freedom's cause,  
 Have resisted a tyrant's laws ;  
 Have help'd the weak against the strong ;  
 Have sought to redress the poor man's wrong ;  
 Have made the rich hypocrite bow ;  
 And, though defenceless, I defy you now.
- Sher.* Guards, seize him at once.
- MAR.* My father—no. [*clings to him.*]
- Sher.* Thank heaven ! I have escap'd a heavy blow.  
 Leave that vile outlaw.
- MAR.* Never !
- Sher.* Obey thy father.
- MAR.* Duty binds me to my husband's side for ever.  
 True love, true love in my heart,  
 Treasur'd deep for thee I cherish, &c.
- Sher.* Quick, tear them asunder ; quick, drag him along ;
- Somp.* He's crafty and bold, but the castle is strong.
- and* The robber who held you in fear,
- Chor.* Has ended his wicked career.

ALICE } Beware, ye base minions, his arm still is strong;  
and } His heart is still firm, you will not triumph  
ALLAN } long.

His life Robin Hood will sell dear;  
Not yet should his foes cease to fear.

MAR. Attempt not to part us, ye obdurate throng;  
My arm may be weak, but in love I am strong;  
His hours in the dungeon I'll cheer,  
Or, torn from his arms, perish here.

LOCKS. Such loving devotion outweighs ev'ry wrong;  
Their threats are but weak, while her love is so  
strong.

When one thus to love him is near,  
His life Robin Hood will sell dear.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.



# ACT III.

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## SCENE I.

*The Castle garden. ALICE and ALLAN discovered in converse.*

ALLAN. If Robin had little car'd for Marian, he would not have ventured to Nottingham town.

ALICE. And Marian, through love for Robin, has fled from her father.

ALLAN. Love troubles the lord, and worries the clown—it torments even me.

*Duet—ALLAN and ALICE.*

ALLAN. Greatest plague on earth is Love

ALICE. He's a tiger, not a dove ;

MAR. Mischief he is always doing,

ALICE. Plotting, planning, hatching, brewing.

If the world from Love were free,

*Both.* Oh, how happy all would be !

ALICE. Yet if Love were flown away,

Should we do without him, pray ?

*Both.* Ah, well-a-day !

Brought he joy, or brought he pain,

We would wish him back again.

ALLAN. Love's the lord of all misrule ;

ALICE. Love can make the sage a fool ;

ALLAN. Love rejoices in our trouble ;

ALICE. Love delights our cares to doubie ;

*Both.* Oh, how happy, &c.

*Enter Sheriff.*

*Sher.* King Richard has returned from Palestine.

*ALLAN.* At last !

*ALICE.* Heav'n bless him !

*Sher.* And, from good Prince John, all power is taken. Without a warrant from the king, we cannot punish this daring outlaw ; therefore, you shall go, at once, and get the order.

*ALLAN.* I ?—oh, dear, no !

*ALICE.* Let him only think of such a thing.

*Sher.* What, speak to *me* in this style !

*ALLAN.* Nay, I doubt if you can find a true Saxon who'll betray Robin Hood for his weight in gold.

*Sher.* Beware, or in a dungeon—

*ALICE.* Great sir, your bolts are not so fast ; that has your daughter shown, who has lately flown from her cage. You think her safely confined in her room—but, she has fled.

*Scena—Sheriff.*

*Sher.* My child has fled ?

The solace of my waning years is gone ?

And I am left alone ?

Would I were dead !

Great was her love for me, I thought ;

The traitor comes, her love is naught.

She has left me to mourn,

She will never return ;

The old man sighs for his darling child ;

From eyes that are not used to weep,

Tear-drops creep ;

The heart grows heavy, the brain grows wild.

Her father's love she remembers not ;

All is forgot ;

The wiles of a stranger her soul have beguil'd.

A brow more open, a more honest mien,  
 Than this bold outlaw's ne'er were seen ;  
 Straight was his look, and frank his smile.  
 Who would believe,  
 A father's searching eye the traitor could deceive ?

But he shall not be spared,  
 By the law that he dared,  
 Robber-like, to defy,  
 By the law he shall die.

The hope that I cherish'd is gone,  
 But my heart is not chill'd by despair,  
 The pleasure of vengeance is waking there.  
 For vengeance I live alone !  
 I hold him fast—  
 Ere a day be past,  
 For my measureless wrongs he shall surely atone.

*Enter Sompnour.*

*Somp.* Great sir, if I may be so bold, the promised boon I—

*Sher.* Hold ! there's something yet. This man may serve my turn.

*Somp.* A contribution levied upon the county.

*Sher.* You shall have it, if you'll fulfil one more office. Just hasten to the king, and bring a warrant for the outlaw's death.

*Somp.* Gladly !—I shall have retribution at last.

*Duet—Sompnour and Sheriff.*

*Sher.* To King Richard at once you must go.

*Somp.* I know—I know.

*Sher.* This signet to him you must show.

*Somp.* Just so—just so.

*Sher.* From him your reward you will ask.

*Somp.* A pleasant task.

*Sher.* A warrant from him you will bring,

*Somp.* Which will cause the robber to swing.

*Sher.* Those eyes, that with a serpent's glance,  
Upon my Marian fell,  
Will soon be clos'd in death—'tis well.  
That tongue that could her soul entrance,  
Will lose its potent spell.

*Somp.* Brave Robin, 'tis your turn to dance;  
Hung like our convent-bell,  
You'll dance on nothing, I can tell.  
The strongest pitcher may, perchance,  
Be broken at the well.

*Sher.* Return with utmost haste.

*Somp.* Not a moment will I waste.

*Sher.* At the foot of the gallows-tree,  
You will find the outlaw and me.

*Somp.* And a comely sight it will be;  
I shall rub my hands with glee.

*Sher.* Ample vengeance do I take;  
Stubborn hearts with fear I shake.  
Tremble, daring rebels all,  
To-morrow the blow on your chieftain will fall.

*Somp.* Lots of money I shall take;  
Ah! methinks I hear it shake.  
Some must rise, and some must fall;  
Who laughs at the end, laughs the loudest of all.

*[exeunt Sompnour and Sheriff.]*

ALICE. The sordid hunks! the hungry leech!

ALLAN. Mind this—he'll never reach the king. I'll  
stop him on the road; I'll beat him—bind him—  
strangle him.

ALICE. Yes, do; for any deed is fair that helps to  
save Robin Hood. *[exeunt.]*



## SCENE II.

*The greenwood at noon. Deer asleep under trees.  
LITTLE JOHN and Outlaws.*

*Four-part Song—Outlaws.*

Now the sun has mounted high,  
Monarch of a cloudless sky;  
Now the world desires repose,  
While the fire of noontide glows.  
Hush'd is ev'ry warbling bird;  
Through the leaves no sound is heard,  
Save the murm'ring of the bee,  
Who lulls the flow'rs with drowsy minstrelsy.  
When the fields are athirst in the noontide  
heat;  
When the grass is soft, and repose is sweet,  
The greenwood is a pleasant retreat.

LIT. J. Robin not yet return'd? I feel uneasy. But hold! there's something stirring. Ha! whom have we here? (*Enter MARIAN, in boy's clothes.*) A stranger! Sir, you've missed your road, but we will gladly show the way, if you will pay for the service.

MAR. Suppose I need no aid.

LIT. J. Why, then, you must pay for our forbearance. We want your purse; so give it up.

*Out.* Ay, give it up.

LIT. J. Or things may be unpleasant.

[*they surround her.*]

MAR. Hold, hold! a friend of Robin Hood you see.

*Out.* No! no!

MAR. He went to Nottingham.

LIT. J. True.

MAR. At the fair he was detected by Hugo the sompnoeur.

LIT. J. Curse upon him!

MAR. A prison'r now in the castle he lies, and when to-morrow dawns—

All. Go on—

MAR. He dies. You grieve—but I—with him, I lose all. I was his destined wife.

[*Takes off hat—hair falls over shoulders.*]

All. A woman!

MAR. Ay, but one who, to save her love, put on the courage of a man. Let us now, without delay, go to the hateful castle; linger there till dawn, and, by some well-known ditty let him know that there's a hope of safety. This will ye do?

LIT. J. We will! we will!

Out. We will! we will! Fair maid, you shall be our chieftain.

LIT. J. To death or victory, we follow thee.

[*exeunt.*]

*Song.*—MARIAN.

Sons of the greenwood, come;  
Haste from your leafy home.  
Hearts that are not dead and cold,  
Friendship's call will move;  
Hands that trusty swords can hold,  
Wield them now for him we love.

Ev'ry breast with ardour swelling,  
Haste ye from your leafy dwelling;  
Hasten, hasten, at my call,  
Forest children, one and all.

Chor. Yes, we quit our leafy dwelling,  
Ev'ry heart with ardour swelling;  
Haste, obedient to thy call,  
Bound together, one and all.

MAR. Sons of the greenwood, come,  
Haste from your leafy home;  
Haste, another hour's delay  
May the life we value cost:  
Soon will dawn the fatal day,  
And all is lost.

Chor. Ev'ry heart, &c.

## SCENE III.

*Interior of Prison, with grated window.*

*Scena—LOCKSLEY.*

Vain was the proud ambition of a sanguine hour,  
That taught me to believe  
I might relieve  
My country groaning 'neath a tyrant's pow'r.  
Vain the delusion under which I could suppose  
Requited love was solace for the bitterest woes :  
A robber's shame—and not a patriot's glory—  
is my doom.

The thought that Marian suffers for my sake,  
Ten thousand-fold doth make  
The horror of this living tomb.

Life to me is no longer dear ;  
Calmly I meet my fate—  
Strange to hope, and strange to fear,  
The death-bringing dawn I wait.  
Of its terrors is death bereft.  
From my gallant friends I am torn ;  
My lov'd one weeps, forlorn ;  
Nought—nought is left.

[*Chorus sing verse of "The gay greenwood"*  
*behind the scenes.*

Welcome ! thou old familiar strain,  
Thou art not sung in vain ;  
Thou tell'st me friends are hov'ring near—  
My answer they shall hear.

[*sings verse, whilst MARIAN, without, sings*  
*"True love," &c.*

No vain delusion is that lovely voice ;  
Desponding heart, rejoice.  
My merry men will gather round,  
When they hear my bugle sound ;

They will strike off my fetters, my weapon  
 restore,  
 And Robin Hood will be their chief once more.  
 Courage fires me—new hopes awake ;  
 I long to take part in the strife  
 Where all that is dearest on earth is at stake ;  
 Where freedom is lost but with life.  
 With my falchion in my hand,  
 Ev'ry foeman I'll withstand ;  
 Ev'ry danger I'll defy,  
 Prepar'd to live—prepar'd to die.

## SCENE IV.

*The Court Yard of the Castle. Extensive view of the country.*

*Enter ALICE and ALLAN, Villagers, &c.*

ALICE. All, then, is lost.

ALLAN. I did my best. That knave can glide like a serpent. He's safe on his road.

ALICE. You dare to tell me this !

ALLAN. I have not told the worst yet. That accurs'd fiend brings in his train a troop so strong, resistance would be hopeless.

*Enter Sheriff, &c. with ROBIN HOOD, bound, from Castle.*

## FINALE.

ALICE &	{	Hark to that doleful bell ;
ALLAN,		'Tis freedom's knell.
with		Alas ! for Robin Hood,
Chor.		The brave, the gen'rous, the good.
		His hapless doom we all deplore ;
		Our tears we give him, we can do no more.



*Sher.* Bold rebel, your crimes are rewarded at last ;  
The laws you have outrag'd enchain'd hold  
you fast ;

Those laws, in your madness, you dar'd to defy ;  
You now are their victim, ignobly you die.

ROBIN. Proud Norman, my courage is true to the last,  
And nought I regret when I think of the past.

*Sher.* Cease this boasting, and confess  
Your sins to this most holy father.

ROBIN. Yes—but first I ask to have my right hand free—  
The only boon I crave.

*Sher.* So let it be. [ROBIN'S *hand is unpinioned.*

ROBIN. Ha ! Robin Hood his jailers laughs to scorn,  
Now he can once more wind his horn.

[*sounds his horn.*

MARIAN, LITTLE JOHN, and Outlaws, enter over the  
*parapet.*

*Out.* At the sound we appear,  
To release thee we're near.  
Safe from jailer and from gibbet now,  
You freely may roam 'neath the greenwood  
bough.

ALLAN	{	What wond'rous sight do we behold ? The sons of the forest indeed must be bold.
ALICE		
<i>and</i> Wom.		

MAR. Robin, you are sav'd. Oh ! happy day ;  
My hopes are fulfill'd and my fears past away.

ROBIN. Marian, treasure of my heart, oh ! say,  
Devotion like this, can my life e'er repay ?

*Sher.* Justice grossly thus is set aside ;  
My vengeance is baffled, the laws are defied ;  
And thou, my lost, my disobedient child,  
Over thy corse I less should mourn  
Than now at thy return ;  
Join'd with a band of outlaws wild,  
Disgrace, disgrace,  
Oh, traitress to thy race !

*Trio*—MARIAN, ROBIN HOOD, and *Sheriff*.

MAR. By all the love that you have shown me,  
By all the ties through which you own me,  
I adjure you.  
Pardon me the faith I bear  
To him, in life or death,  
Whose love to me, oh! father, once you blest.

ROBIN. Let fall on me thy vengeance, rather  
Than on thy child, relentless father;  
Think not that I, though rescued, will be free  
Whilst she, whose only fault is loving me,  
For her devotion suffers 'neath a parent's wrath.

(*To MAR.*) At that dread menace, I release thee from  
thy troth.

*Sher.* In vain you kneel, in vain beseech me;  
Forget the outcast, who would teach thee  
Disobedience to thy parent's will,  
And in my heart find welcome still;  
Else, fear a father's curse on thy unduteous  
head.

Oh! bitter anguish! would that I were dead!

MAR. Those words of terror dart  
Like lightning through my heart.

[*enter Sompnour, followed by Soldiers, who  
at once overpower the Outlaws.*]

*Sher.* At last, at last.

ALICE, )  
ALLAN, )  
LIT. J. ) The moment of deliv'rance is past.  
& Chor.)

SOMP. I came as fast as any pair of legs could carry;  
Believe me, I'd no wish to tarry.

*Sher.* The warrant for this outlaw's death you bring—

SOMP. Sign'd in due order by the king.

See, too, I bring with me an ample force.

Now will the law most surely take its course.

He made me dance, I now shall see him swing.

*Sher. (reals)* "The acts of violence committed by  
the bold outlaw, commonly called Robin Hood, have

reached our ear ; his constant defiance of the law merits the severest punishment, and he would be utterly unworthy of pardon were not his deeds to be ascribed in some measure to the misgovernment of our brother John and his nefarious agents. As the country is in want of defenders against threatening foes, we hereby offer to Robin Hood and all his comrades, on condition that they employ their well-tryed valour in the country's service, a free pardon."

ROBIN. Gladly I'll fight for my country and king ;  
At last they're united—their cause is the same.

*Chor.* We'll die, to a man, for the lion-hearted king.

*Sher.* I cannot scorn him whom my king befriends.  
Brave Robin I accept thee as my son.

ROBIN. Oh ! joy.

MAR. Oh ! rapture.

*Somp.* Perils that threaten'd like shadows are past,  
And all except me are made happy at last.  
May mischief alight on that cursed greenwood,  
And all that belongs to the vile Robin Hood !

ALICE, ) Perils that threaten'd like shadows are past,

ALLAN, ) And happiness visits the lovers at last ;

LIT. J. ) But ne'er be forgotten the merry greenwood,

& *Chor.* ) By Marian the Maiden, and bold Robin Hood.

MAR. True love, &c.

FINIS.



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